NORTHERN MESSENGER

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JUST THE THING FOR THE BOYS!

'Just the thing for the boys,' is how some one the other day, spoke of the chapters on soap-bubbles, which the *Messenger* has begun to publish. Boys dearly love experiments. The trouble with most scientific experiments is that they cost so much, but Professor Boys seems true to his name. He knows that, as a rule, a boy's pocket contains more of everything else than it does of money, and his experiments are arranged accordingly.

So much for week days. On Sunday afternoons and evenings, *Messenger* boys and girls will be occupied for the next few weeks with the study of Genesis.

Four handsome prizes will be given in April for the best sketch of the first thirty-two chapters.

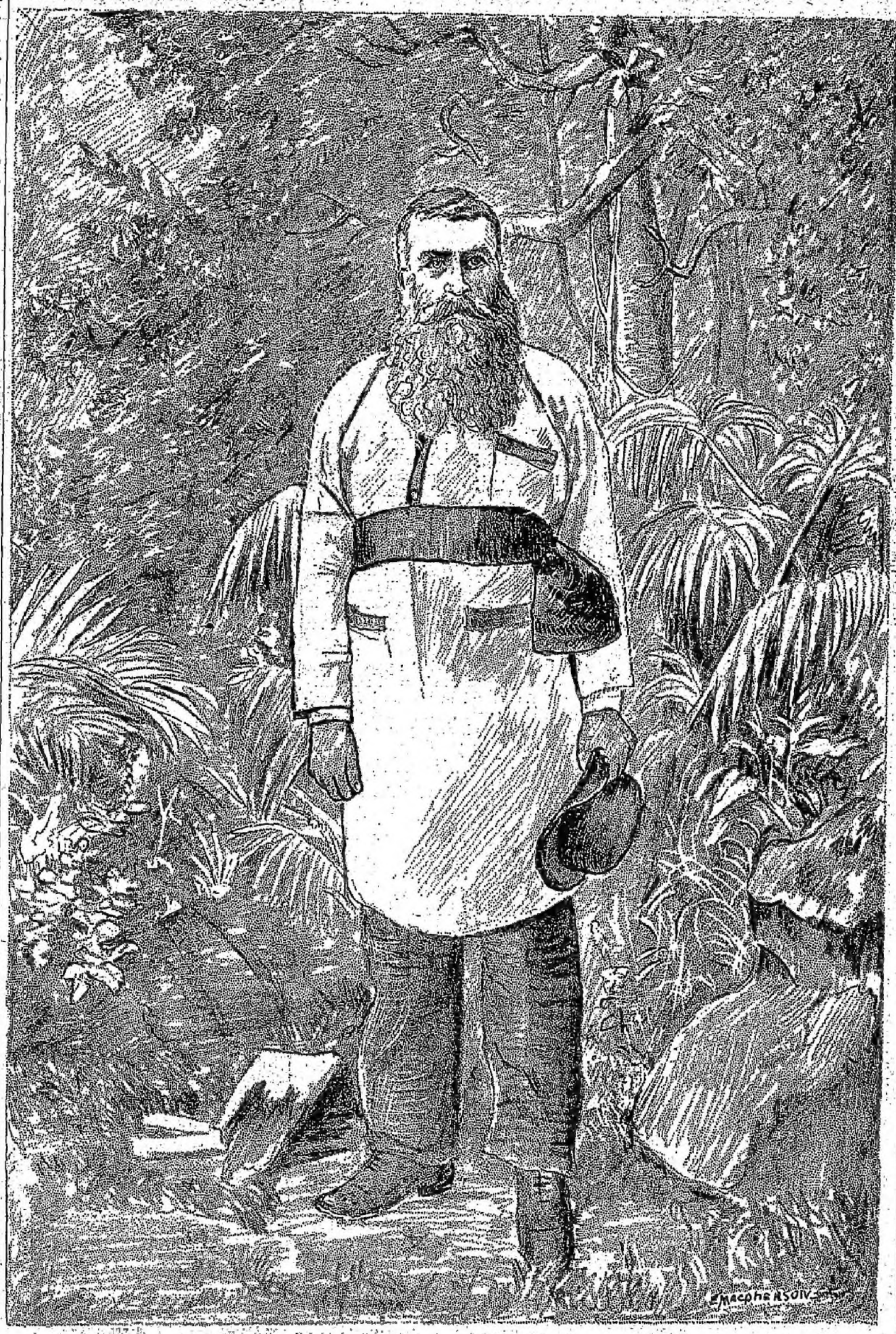
You will find full particulars on the last page of the *Messenger* for February 2.

BISHOP TAYLOR AND HIS NIECE.

Standing upon the deck of the SS. 'Majestic,' which left New York Dec. 6, at 3.30 p.m., there was an old veteran, and beside him a missionary physician and dentist. Tall, erect, looking over the heads of those about him, the vigor of manhood manifest in the fire of his eye, one would

DR. JENNIE TAYLOR.

not have guessed the years of service that had passed over his head. Born in Rockbridge Co., Va., May 2, 1821, the first 21 years of his life were spent mainly in the development of the physical constitution which has stood the test of every clime, and of which he now says, in his seventy-third year, that not a pin of the earthly tabernacle has ever been shaken. The fourth seven years of his life were spent in pioneer work in the mountain circuits of the old Baltimore Conference, and in the streets and markets of the cities. The following seven years witnessed the trials and triumphs of planting the cross in California, then the golden land, the true



BISHOP TAYLOR.

Eldorado, where thousands of men from every clime were searching for the shining metal. Here amid the lawlessness which made the old Vigilance Committee a necessity in the days of '49 he rolled a dry goods box into the public plaza, surrounded as it was on four sides by gambling dens and palaces of sin, and, mounting his rough pulpit, congregated a vast assembly by singing 'The Royal Proclamation.'

The seven succeeding years he was carried on a revival wave through most of the United States and Canada, and then for twice seven years he was engaged in evangelistic work among every English speaking people in the world, chiefly in Great Britain and all her colonies. After his third visit to Australia the Wesleyans reported 21,000 accessions to their churches during the three times he was in the colony.

It was then that he made his first trip to Africa, twenty-seven years ago, where in a campaign of seven months, from Cape Colony up through Kaffraria, seven thousand Kaffirs were converted and added to the churches. These tall sons of the forest, accustomed to give a descriptive title to all, called him 'Isiqunisilvuta yo' (the flaming torch). He has ever been closely connected with the Children of Ham. When he married a beautiful Southern maiden her wedding dowry was counted in slaves; and these, with her approval, he out-fitted and paid their passage to the then new colony of Liberia, where some of their descendants still greet him when he goes to their shores. In the midst of the struggle for their liberty in the States, when British sentiment, unenlightened on the subject, was in favor of the oppressor, it was the pen of 'California Taylor,' then in London, that wrote the popular pamphlet of which President Hayes said: 'It accomplished more for the cause of the Union than any regiment of soldiers we had at the front.'

Following the world wide evangelistic labors, the next series of seven years were spent in founding Methodist christianity in South India and South America. Just at the close of his ninth seven years he was elected and consecrated Bishop of Africa, where he is pushing the battle, as only one of his years and experience could, with success.

The young lady who stood by his side on the deck is a classical graduate of Dickinson College and a medical graduate of the Philadelphia College, and in the Methodist hospital proved herself to be gifted as a surgeon. After preparing herself as a dentist for special work at all of our mission stations, she goes forth for a special service that will extend over two years. Many of our missionaries at the front are in great need of the services she will be able to render, which will save not a few the necessity of a return home. Our noble men and women in Angola who have been hard at work for over nine years are, some of them, actually impaired in health as 'the grinders have ceased because they are few.'

Dr. Jennie M. Taylor is the eldest daughter of the Bishop's brother, Rev. Andrew E. Taylor, of the Central Pennsylvania Conference. After eleven years of hard study her robust constitution still bears the bloom of youthful health and vigor.

It is the purpose of Bishop Taylor to visit in turn each of the missionary stations he has established in Liberia, on the Congo, in Angola and in Zambesia and Mashonaland, and to make a thorough inspection of the entire field. On that Wednesday afternoon as he stood in the cool December breeze upon the deck of the departing steamer, clad in a light summer suit, with resolute face set toward the post of danger to which he had been assigned by God and the Church, none would have doubted the personal consecration to the service of Christ and humanity which has been the mainspring of his life and the joy of thousands of redeemed souls.—*The African News.*

THE PRESENT.

Oh, be not idle, dreaming every hour
Of what ye mean to do some future day;
Letting the present glide in dreams away,
When 'tis the present only has the power
To change your dreams of doing to a dower
Of fruitful deeds.

CAROLINE MAY.

THE WORK OF A PRIMARY TEACHER.

BY MISS AGNES L. RICKERT.

The influence of personal character is stronger than any other influence in molding the hearts of children. Now, as the primary teacher looks over her class, she finds, as said before, that some of her scholars come from homes where they receive good instruction and training; while others come from homes where perhaps the Bible is never read, prayer never offered, and where the parents themselves are ignorant of all the beauties of Christian life. Very true, the teacher has to deal with her scholars as a class; but she also has a grand privilege of doing considerable individual work.

First of all it is necessary that she love every scholar in her class—whether rich or poor, well-dressed or poorly clad, those that have wrong habits as well as those that have good habits, and dull scholars as well as bright ones. Next we expect that in all things she will set forth good examples to her pupils, whether in Sabbath-school or away from school; she should not only be a teacher the short time in Sabbath-school, but in everything and at all times her influence should be for good. Again, the primary teacher should be pleasant and take great interest in her work—her success lies in the interest which she takes in her pupils. She should not be satisfied in merely teaching dry facts of the lesson perhaps twenty minutes on the Sabbath; but by having her scholars, during the week at home, either memorize or in some way work upon the important facts which have been taught the Sunday previous, she will not only arouse interest on the part of the scholar, but in some such way she may be able to reach unconverted parents, and perhaps through her influence may bring an entire family to Christ. The primary teacher can, also, accomplish much good by occasionally visiting the parents of her scholars—the parents as well as the scholars will enjoy her visits; and if the parents are unconverted, through such means they may, perhaps, be saved for the kingdom of Christ. So we notice that Christian parents can greatly aid the teacher in her work; but, on the other hand, if parents are unsaved, the teacher may be able to reach them through the child.

If the primary teacher understands methods of teaching, she will regard her work a grand privilege, to be able to train those young and tender hearts under her care. The following are a few methods that can be used with good results: A card with the teacher's and the pupil's name upon it, also spaces, to be used for marking; these should be prepared for each child every quarter, The teacher should keep the cards in her own possession (for if they were in the pupil's possession they might forget to bring them to the teacher every Sunday). If the child is present, mark an X in the space for that Sunday; if absent, an O, and so on every Sunday until the quarter is finished; she then should give the card to the child as a keepsake. Again, since the primary children are not able to read and understand the lessons in the International Sunday-school books, a very good method is to give each child a card, upon which is a picture illustrating the lesson found in those books. In every lesson there is, at least, one simple truth that can be brought to the minds of very little ones.

Do not always conduct the lessons in exactly the same manner, as young children enjoy variety, and in that way their interest and attention can be gained. The lessons on the cards can be taught in various ways. At the close of the lesson a different card can be given to each child, on which is printed the principal thought of what they have been studying that Sunday. The scholar is asked to take the card home, and during the week to work those words in colored cotton or silk, and return it, upon the following Sunday, for the teacher's inspection. All through the week, as this card is being worked, the lesson is being brought afresh to the child's mind, and the mother, overlooking this task, is also receiving the text into her heart. These cards can be carefully saved by the teacher, and at the end of the quarter can be fastened together by a ribbon and returned to the child as a keepsake. So in many ways the children can be interested in the Sabbath-school; but the teacher must always remember that she is a guide and a leader, that the influences which she exerts upon the minds of the children under her care are lasting, and that her responsibilities are great. She should therefore study methods so as to be able to teach properly, and never come before her class without having first given the lesson careful thought and study. As these little ones leave the primary class and enter classes of older scholars, soft and tender memories linger, and their future lives shall be the better for those moments when the teacher was privileged to impart a touch that may, by Divine aid, illumine their lives, and through them many other lives. Primary teachers, therefore, should not be disheartened, even though you have but the young and tender plant to train, and may not as yet be privileged to see those plants bearing flowers. Your work is of great importance.

We all, whether primary teachers or teachers of older pupils, may sometimes get discouraged and feel as though our efforts were fruitless, as we cannot always know or see the measure of good accomplished; but, as surely as He has said in *Isa. 55, 11*, 'My word shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please,' so surely may we believe that some good is done individually and collectively, and that His name is glorified in the earth. For 'if we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal minds, if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of our fellow-men, we engrave on those tablets something which will brighten to all eternity.' Therefore let us work on, even though we may not see direct results, so that when the Lord of the harvest shall come, He may say, 'Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things. I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'—*Sunday-School Teacher.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON VIII.—FEBRUARY 25, 1894.

TRIAL OF ABRAHAM'S FAITH.—Gen. 22:1-13.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 11-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'By faith Abraham, when he was tried, offered up Isaac.'—Heb. 11:17.

HOME READINGS.

M. Gen. 19:12-26.—Lot's Escape from Sodom.
T. Gen 21:1-8.—Birth of Isaac.
W. Gen. 21:9-21.—Hagar and Ishmael.
Th. Gen. 22:1-14.—Trial of Abraham's Faith.
F. 1 Pet. 1:1-12.—The Trial of Faith.
S. Heb. 11:8-19.—The Triumph of Faith.
S. Isa. 53:1-12.—Our Substitute.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Trial of Faith. vs. 1, 2.
II. The Obedience of Faith. vs. 3-10.
III. The Blessing of Faith. vs. 11-13.

TIME.—B.C. 1872, twenty-six years after the last lesson.

PLACES.—Beersheba, where Abraham was living, and Mount Moriah, afterward the site of the temple.

OPENING WORDS.

There is an interval of twenty-six years between this lesson and the last. The events between are—1. The destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah. (Gen. 19:1-29); 2. Abraham's sojourn at Gerar (Gen. 20:1-18); 3. The birth of Isaac (Gen. 21:1-8); 4. The exile of Hagar and Ishmael (Gen. 21:9-21); 5. The covenant between Abraham and Abimelech (Gen. 21:22-34). Abraham was now living at Beersheba, forty-five miles south of Jerusalem.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

1. *After these things*—those recorded in the preceding chapter. *Tempt*—prove, put to trial. 2. *Isaac*—now twenty-four years old. 4. *On the third day*—from the day of starting. *The place*—Mount Moriah, where the temple was afterwards built. 5. *Come again to you*—thus showing his faith in his time of sore trial. Heb. 11:19. 6. *Laid it upon Isaac*—so Christ bore his own cross. John 19:17. 8. *God will provide himself a lamb*—Abraham did not know but his faith failed not. 9. *Bound Isaac*—who therefore must have consented to the sacrifice. 11. *The angel of the Lord*—the covenant Angel who commanded the sacrifice. 12. *Now I know*—by actual experience of Abraham's faithfulness. 13. *Took the ram*—provided by the Lord, a substitute for Isaac.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—How long a time was there between this lesson and the last? What were the principal events of this interval? What had God promised concerning Isaac? Title? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE TRIAL OF FAITH. vs. 1, 2.—What did God do to Abraham? Meaning of *tempt*? Why did God try the faith of Abraham? What did he command him to do? How did this command try Abraham's faith? How does God sometimes try our faith? What does the apostle Peter say of the trial of faith? 1 Pet. 1:7.

II. THE OBEDIENCE OF FAITH. vs. 3-10.—What did Abraham do? How long was he on the journey? What did he do when he came in sight of the place? What question did Isaac ask? What did Abraham answer? What did Abraham do when he came to the place? How does it appear that Isaac was a willing sacrifice? How did Abraham show his complete obedience? Why was he ready to slay Isaac? Heb. 11:17-19. How must we show the reality of our faith?

III. THE BLESSING OF FAITH. vs. 11-14.—How was Abraham prevented from sacrificing Isaac? How was his faith blessed? What substitute was found for Isaac? Of what greater sacrifice does this remind you? How were we redeemed? 1 Pet. 1:18, 19.

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. God often tries the faith of his children.
2. He will give them strength to stand the trial.
3. We must prove our faith by our obedience.
4. If we trustingly obey God, he will take care of us.
5. Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain for us.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. How did God try the faith of Abraham? Ans. He commanded him to offer Isaac his son as a burnt offering.
2. How did Abraham treat the command? Ans. He obeyed God.
3. How was he hindered from slaying his son? Ans. The angel of the Lord called unto him out of heaven, saying, Lay not thy hand upon the lad.
4. What further did the Lord say to him? Ans. Now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son, from me.
5. What did Abraham offer in place of his son? Ans. A ram caught in a thicket.

LESSON IX.—MARCH 4, 1894.

SELLING THE BIRTHRIGHT.—Gen. 25:27-34.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 31-34.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'The life is more than meat, and the body is more than raiment.'—Luke 12:23.

HOME READINGS.

M. Gen. 23:1-20.—Death and Burial of Sarah.
T. Gen. 24:1-28.—Rebekah at the Well.
W. Gen. 24:29-67.—Marriage of Isaac.
Th. Gen. 25:27-34.—Selling the Birthright.
F. Heb. 12:14-29.—The Folly of Esau.
S. Prov. 3:11-24.—The Value of Wisdom.
S. Prov. 9:1-12.—The Call of Wisdom.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Brothers at Home, vs. 27, 28.
II. The Greed of Jacob. vs. 29-31.
III. The Folly of Esau. vs. 32-34.

TIME.—B.C. 1805, sixty-seven year after the last lesson.

PLACE.—Beersheba.

OPENING WORDS.

There is an interval of sixty-seven years between this lesson and the last. The principal recorded events of this period are—the death of Sarah; the marriage of Isaac and Rebecca; the birth of Esau and Jacob; the death of Abraham. The birthright was a matter of great importance. It gave to the first-born (1) authority over the rest of the family; (2) a double portion of the paternal inheritance; (3) the blessing of the father. It was a transferable property, as the transaction recorded in this lesson clearly shows.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

27. *A cunning hunter*—skilled in hunting. *A man of the field*—not a husbandman, but one given to roaming through the fields in search of sport. *A plain man*—of mild and gentle manners. *Dwelling in tents*—loving to stay at home, while Esau loved to wander. 29. *Sod pottage*—prepared boiled food of lentils. *Was faint*—weary and hungry. 30. *Edom*—that is, red. 31. *Sell me this day*—at once. *Thy birthright*—see Opening Words. 32. *What profit shall this birthright do to me?*—He was discouraged, and thought only of getting his present hunger satisfied. 33. *He sware unto him*—if Jacob's demand of an oath showed ungenerous suspicion, Esau's giving of an oath showed a low sense of honor. 34. *Thus Esau despised his birthright*—thus Scripture both proclaims his guilt and describes his offence. (See Heb. 12:16).

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What was the subject of the last lesson? What did you learn from it? How long an interval between this lesson and the last? What are the principal events of this interval? Title? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE BROTHERS AT HOME. vs. 27, 28.—What were the names of Isaac's two sons? What is said of Esau? What preference did the parents show? Why is such parental preference unwise and wrong.

II. THE GREED OF JACOB. vs. 29-31.—What request did Esau make of Jacob? What reply did Jacob make? What superiority did the birthright give? How did this reply show the greed of Jacob?

III. THE FOLLY OF ESAU. vs. 32-34.—What did Esau say to this demand? What did Jacob then say? How was the bargain concluded? In what did the folly of Esau consist? What warning does the apostle give from this example of Esau? Heb. 12:15-18.

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. Things done thoughtlessly in youth often have serious after-consequences.
2. Many hear the gospel in its fulness, and yet neglect to secure its blessings.
3. Despise not your birthright, but make it secure.
4. Do not for the sake of present enjoyment part with future blessing and good.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What were the names of Isaac's two sons? Ans. Esau and Jacob.
2. What request did Esau in his hunger make of Jacob? Ans. He asked to be fed with some pottage which Jacob had made.
3. What answer did Jacob give to Esau? Ans. Jacob said, Sell me this day thy birthright.
4. What was Esau's reply? Ans. Behold, I am at the point to die; and what profit shall this birthright do to me?
5. What did Esau do? Ans. He sold his birthright to Jacob for a mess of pottage. Thus he despised his birthright.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

CO-OPERATION IN THE FAMILY.

BY AMELIA H. BOTSFORD.

It is a pity that it should ever, even unintentionally, be the case that the rest of the family should co-operate to make work for one weary woman; and yet this is actually the fact in many a home. Consider if in the range of your acquaintance you do not know the household in which husband and children alike expect to be waited on by 'mother,' and instead of saving her steps are constantly making unnecessary demands upon her. Their wraps and hats are never hung up, but thrown down on the nearest chair or table, apparently that mother should have more work to keep the rooms in order; since the owners could as easily put them in the proper as in the improper place. When any article from a hat to a pin is wanted, there is a call for mother to find it; the thought of hunting anything up one's self never occurs in these homes. There is a story, probably a literal fact, of a man whose Sunday shirt and collar were invariably put in the same corner of the same bureau drawer, yet who inquired every Sunday morning for forty years 'Wife, where's my clean shirt?'

In such homes the bed-rooms are in disorder because clothing is thrown anywhere, the sitting-room is untidy with scattered books and papers, and the closets are confusion confounded. It is remarkable how much work a family can make when they co-operate in this way. About meals, for instance; the habit of coming in an hour before or an hour after dinner-time and demanding 'something to eat in a hurry,' is an excellent way to add to the regular work; an unannounced absence which keeps the meal waiting is also quite effective. One man, whose business required much correspondence and preparation of legal papers, invariably tore into tiny bits all answered letters and other waste papers and threw them on the floor wherever he happened to be sitting. As he could not be followed about the house by a perambulating waste paper basket, he was followed instead by a patient woman picking up the scattered scraps. This unnecessary waiting upon a man was carried to an extreme by the wife, who was every morning called by her husband to bring him his trousers from the chair beside the bed before he would get up.

Children can scarcely be blamed for growing up in the habit of letting mother do everything for them if they see their father requiring constant service from her. At their very best children need much care and attention, they necessarily add greatly to the home work, but when they become selfish and exacting there is scarcely any limit to the burdens they may impose. Co-operation in making work is in such a family a terrible success.

There should be family co-operation of a different kind, and it already exists in some happy homes. In the average household even when a servant is kept there are many home duties to be performed. If these are divided among the members of the family none need be burdened, but if all are laid on one back it will surely be overtaxed. No doubt the mother is mainly responsible for the division of these duties. If she have the gift of generalship she will direct her forces wisely, and by united labor the work will be quickly and easily done. Children can do as much to help as to hinder if they are only trained aright.

In the home of one of these born managers the five-year-old Daisy will wash and wipe the dishes, sweep down the stairs, polish the windows with a damp chamois as far as she can reach from the highchair. She does the errands to market and grocery. Indeed, the busy mother says 'I don't know how I could get along without Daisy to help me and amuse the baby while the others are at school.' And yet Daisy has plenty of time to play, and is not a little old woman, but as quaint and sweet a child as can be found. The older children are given larger tasks and trusted with more responsibilities. And why should not all members of the family feel that they have a duty and a rightful share in keeping the house in order? Why should they not be trained to save work, not to make it? Many of the seemingly hopeless problems of the housewife might be solved in this way.

Consider the never-emptied mending-basket. If each one mended her or his own clothes the burden would not be heavy on any one. Quite small children—boys included—can be taught to darn a stocking, sew on a button or an ordinary patch. There would not be so many careless rents among the little folks if they had to do the repairing. Another way of saving work is in training the children never to throw down their clothes. It is just as easy to put the garment away while it is in one's hand, and it saves another person extra trouble. Each child should, as far as strength will allow, keep its room in order—putting it to air in the morning and keeping it neat. The larger children will really enjoy a share in the cooking and ironing. If the mother will plan out the work and have the necessary patience to hold the children to their tasks, she will be surprised to see how much easier the home cares can be made.—*Christian at Work.*

THE ART OF MENDING.

Since the cry of reform in the way of handiwork has gone over the land, women are taking an interest in the old-fashioned art of mending and darning that surprises one not conversant with the present state of revived, if not lost, arts. Naturally, mending is not darning, and *vice versa*, but they blend together like two harmonizing shades. Patience and practice will bring forth wonderful results, as I believe that any woman can mend and darn well if she only wills to do it, and keeps on trying until her object is attained. Many good seamstresses cannot mend, as they never have time to devote to such work; but do not say, 'I cannot mend,' for you can, if you will, and it is fascinating work to watch the old garment made new, or a rent become almost invisible under the nimble fingers.

Never put new, stiff muslin with old, as from sheer perverseness the old will tear around the edge of the new. Buy several yards of light-weight muslin, wash and boil it soft, and iron out. Keep this for all patches and new pieces to be put in underwear, using 40 thread to sew with. I do not approve of coarse thread or needles in sewing if the material will take a finer, as the former tears old goods when pulling the thread through. In patching a piece of muslin cut the new piece much larger than the old, and do not fell down the seams of the patch. This will raise a storm, as raw edges are not usually considered a neat finish, but they are at least comfortable, and a thick seam is not if on a thick fabric. Overcast the edges, run the sides around, turn in the edge of the torn part, hem them down, and you will have a flat patch, be it on muslin or flannel underwear, boys' trousers, etc. Always press a patch on the wrong side when it is finished. Use linen thread for mending men's or boys' clothing, or sewing their buttons on. Lace is mended by basting it on a piece of embroidery leather and working the hole over with lace thread, coming in tiny balls, to imitate the pattern as closely as possible. Lace curtains are quickly and easily mended by pasting with starch a piece of net over the tear, and pressing it on with a warm iron. When a button tears out, leaving a great hole, cover the space with a piece of the material trebly doubled, sewing it down on all sides, and then sew the button on again.

When a dress tears, it is nine times out of ten a zigzag line that is made, to try the mender. Baste under this a piece of the new goods, pulling the ragged edges close together, and running a line of long stitches close to the tear, and a second one two inches beyond. Ravel long threads from a bit of the goods; if you have none, use fine sewing silk, and darn with them over the unsightly gap, making even stitches over and under the work, running them certainly half to an inch beyond the hole. When done, apply a damp cloth to the wrong side, and press with a warm iron, first pulling out the basting threads, or the marks will be pressed in the goods. If the tear takes a piece out of the cashmere, or whatever it may be, then baste a new piece as before, under the torn edges, and use ravellings in a fine darning needle. This time make three small stitches beyond the edge, on the dress, and two stitches over the edge on to the new or inserted piece. Darn all around in this manner, pulling the thread evenly, and keeping the patch perfectly smooth over the palm of the left hand. In this manner the centre of the new piece is not covered with stitches. When done, lay a cloth over the right side of the patch and press it with a warm iron. I have seen this kind of a patch made by French nuns so beautifully that it could hardly be found. Do not hurry with mending, and do not begin a difficult or long task of it when tired.

In buying dress goods, always have at least half a yard left over to mend with, or make a new collar, cuffs, etc. Save all the small pieces for mending, as any gown is apt to be torn. If in the habit of remodelling gowns, buy a yard extra material for this task. Save old linen, not only for mending purposes, but for bandages, etc., in time of illness. Old towels are useful for mending, to cut the good portions out and hem for wash-rags, and also for cleaning-rags. Old stockings may be cut down for children, and thus every 'old thing' has its use.

There is much to say on the subject, this is only a beginning.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

CHILDREN'S ALLOWANCES.

In providing for a family, while the roof, the fire, the food, are the province of its head, the household will run easier if the rest is left to individuals. By the time it is ten years old give each child an allowance, great or small, and train it in the proper spending thereof. Make them understand in the outset that they have with it liberty and accountability. That is, if against better counsel they waste the money, they will be left to suffer the lack of it. Or, if the necessity is so imperative as to force its supply, charge the cost against subsequent allowances, or else give the spendthrift a chance to work it out.

The advantages of such a course are so manifest as hardly to need enumeration. It shows you unmistakably the natural bent of each young mind, gives opportunity equally to correct overlavishness or cultivate liberality. What is even more important, it gives thoroughly excellent training in ways and means, teaches the true value of money, not to mention prudence, foresight, and self-control. Of course the earliest spending ought to be under advice. All of it, indeed, may well be, yet the adviser ought not to speak with the voice of authority. For in that case the allowance falls to a mere matter of finance, instead of being a means to develop prudence, foresight, and individual judgment. It is certainly the part of wisdom to set before your child the results of use as against those of waste, but if you cannot persuade to the better choice, let him be driven with the sharp lash of experience.

See that the allowance is paid promptly to the last penny. After that, say only that it must suffice for a stated period, and discourage by all means in your power either borrowing or going in debt. Require payment scrupulously, no matter who the creditor, discourage haphazard spending, and never be too busy or too indolent to run over the small accounts at the end of the term.—*Harper's Bazar.*

GOOD MANNERS IN CHILDREN.

If people would only realize how very, very easy it is to teach children good manners when they are little, it seems to me they never would neglect to attend to it. The youngster is allowed to go his own way, to violate every rule of courtesy, sometimes of decency, until his habits are to an extent formed. Then there is a great breaking-up of established notions, and the child is punished and nagged and worried for doing that which it has heretofore been permitted to do without criticism. It becomes angered, sullen, unsettled and irritable, and if it has a strong sense of justice—which, by the way, is more common in children than people, as a rule, give them credit for—it feels outraged and abused, and becomes unmanageable and rebellious. The best school of manners for a child is the parents' example and home-training.

Company manners are, by all odds, the worst element that ever entered into a family. Just why people should indulge themselves in all sorts of careless, indifferent and ill-bred habits when they are alone at home, and put on a veneer of courtesy, amiability and polish when somebody comes, is one of the many mysteries of this very mysterious thing that we call life. How much easier it would be to maintain the steady uniform deportment, to follow out the same theories and hold to the same principles Sunday and week days, storm and shine, alone or in society. Veneers are a makeshift. They may have their uses but are far less desirable than the solid material all through. One lasts for a little while, the other weathers the storms of time, hard usage and the wear and tear of every-day life.—*Ledger.*

WASTED.

There is no waste more hurtful than the waste of strength over things that, for very little money, you could hire another person to do for you very much better. Such economy is, indeed, little short of criminal, for thereby health, happiness—life itself may be lost. To do well whatever is within the compass of strength and capacity is an honor, a benefit, to every human creature. To drive yourself past the limit, either for the sake of saving or of ostentatious spending, is a bitter waste of time and all its best gifts.

IDEAL WOMAN.

In one of her addresses at Chicago Lady Aberdeen said she thought the ideal woman had been sketched by Lowell in one of his beautiful poems:

For with a gentle courage she doth strive,
In thought, in word, in feeling so to live
As to make earth next heaven; and her heart
Herein doth show its most exceeding worth,
That, bearing in her frailty her just part,
She hath not shrunk from evils of this life,
But hath gone calmly forth into the strife,
And all its sins and sorrows hath withstood
With lofty strength of patient womanhood,

NUMBERING OUR DAYS.

If we sit down at set of sun
And count the things that we have done,
And, counting, find
One self-denying act, one word
That eased the heart of him who heard,
One glance most kind
That fell like sunshine where it went,
Then we may count the day well spent.

But, if through all the livelong day,
We've eased no heart by yea or nay;
If, through it all,
We've nothing done that we can trace,
That brought the sunshine to a face;
No act most small,
That helped some soul and nothing cost,
Then count that day as worse than lost.

GEORGE ELIOT.

DOUGHNUTS IN RHYME.

One cup of sugar, one cup of milk;
Two eggs beaten fine as silk.
Salt and nutmeg (lemon'll do);
Of baking powder, teaspoons two.
Lightly stir the flour in;
Roll on pie board not too thin;
Cut in diamonds, twists or rings,
Drop with care the doughy things
Into fat that briskly swells
Evenly the spongy cells,
Watch with care the time for turning;
Fry them brown—just short of burning
Roll in sugar; serve when cool.
Price—a quarter for this rule.—
—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

RECIPES.

DO NOT THROW AWAY CRACKERS that have become soft. To render them eatable, put them in a shallow pan and heat in the oven. A little salt sprinkled over the crackers will be an addition.

TO KEEP FRUIT PIES from running over, mix a tablespoonful of flour with enough cold water to make a thin paste. Just before putting on upper crust, spread the paste around the edge of the under crust. Press the upper crust firmly upon the lower, and make a slight opening in the upper crust for steam to escape.

LADY'S CAKE.—Three-fourths of a cupful of butter, two cupfuls of sugar, half a cupful of milk, three cupfuls of pastry flour, the whites of six eggs, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one teaspoonful of essence of almond. Beat the butter to a cream. Add the sugar, gradually, then the essence, milk, the whites of eggs beaten to a stiff froth, and the flour, in which the baking powder has been mixed. Bake in one large pan or two small ones, and frost, or not, as you please. If baked in sheets about two inches deep, it will take about twenty-five minutes in a moderate oven.

SOAP-BUBBLES,

AND THE FORCES WHICH MOULD THEM.

By C. V. Boys, A.R.S.M., F.R.S. of the Royal College of Science.

(Continued.)

Let us see how this fits the first experiment with the brush. That showed that the hairs do not cling together simply because they are wet; it is necessary also that the brush should be taken out of the water, or in other words it is necessary that the surface or the skin of the water should be present to bind the hairs together. If then we suppose that the surface of water is like an elastic skin, then both the experiments with the wet brush and with the water-drop will be explained.

Let us therefore try another experiment to see whether in other ways water behaves as if it had an elastic skin.

I have here a plain wire frame fixed to a stem with a weight at the bottom, and a hollow glass globe fastened to it with sealing-wax. The globe is large enough to make the whole thing float in water with the frame up in the air. I can of course press it down so that the frame touches the water. To make the movement of the frame more evident there is fixed to it a paper flag.

Now if water behaves as if the surface were an elastic skin, then it should resist the upward passage of the frame which I am now holding below the surface. I let go, and instead of bobbing up as it would do if there were no such action, it remains tethered down by this skin of the water. If I disturb the water so as to let the frame out at one corner, then, as you see, it dances up immediately (Fig. 4). You can see that the skin of the water must have been fairly strong, because a weight of about one quarter of an ounce placed upon the frame is only just sufficient to make the whole thing sink.

This apparatus which was originally described by Van der Mensbrugghe I shall make use of again in a few minutes.

I can show you in a more striking way that there is this elastic layer or skin on pure clean water. I have a small sieve made of wire gauze sufficiently coarse to allow a common pin to be put through any of the holes. There are moreover about eleven thousand of these holes in the bottom of the sieve. Now, as you know, clean wire is wetted by water, that is, if it is dipped in water it comes out wet; on the other hand, some materials, such as paraffin wax, of which paraffin candles are made, are not wetted or really touched by water, as you may see for yourselves if you will only dip a paraffin candle into water. I have melted a quantity of paraffin in a dish and dipped this gauze into the melted paraffin so as to coat the wire all over with it, but I have shaken it well while hot to knock the paraffin out of the holes. You can now see on the screen that the holes, all except one or two, are open, and that a common pin can be passed through readily enough. This then is the apparatus. Now if water has an elastic skin which it requires force to stretch, it ought not to run through these holes very readily; it ought not to be able to get through at all unless forced, because at each hole the skin would have to be stretched to allow the water to get to the other side. This, you understand, is only true if the water does not wet or really touch the wire. Now, to prevent the water that I am going to pour in from striking the bottom with so much force as to drive it through, I have laid a small piece of paper in the sieve, and am pouring the water on to the paper, which breaks the fall (Fig. 5). I have now poured in about half a tumbler of water, and I might put in more. I take away the paper but not a drop runs through. If I give the sieve a jolt then the water is driven to the other side, and in a moment it has all escaped. Perhaps this will remind you of one of the exploits of our old friend Simple Simon,

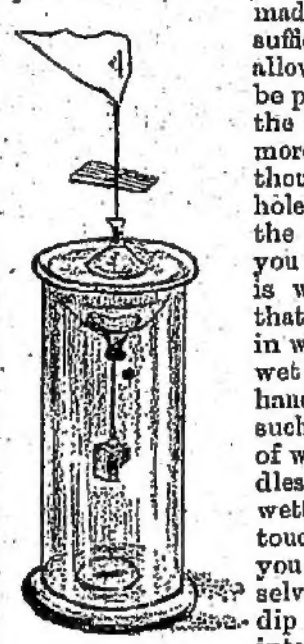


FIG. 4.

'Who went for water in a sieve,
But soon it all ran through.'

But you see if you only manage the sieve properly, this is not quite so absurd as people generally suppose.

If I now shake the water off the sieve, I can, for the same reason, set it to float on

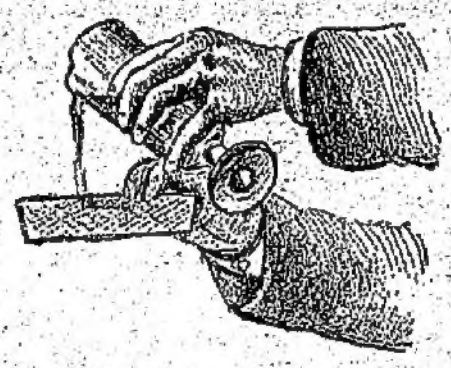


FIG. 5.

water, because its weight is not sufficient to stretch the skin of the water through all the holes. The water, therefore, remains on the other side, and it floats even though, as I have already said, there are eleven thousand holes in the bottom, any one of which is large enough to allow an ordinary pin to pass through. This experiment also illustrates how difficult it is to write real and perfect nonsense.

You may remember one of the stories in Lear's book of 'Nonsense Songs.'

'They went to sea in a sieve, they did,
In a sieve they went to sea;
In spite of all their friends could say,
On a winter's morn, on a stormy day,
In a sieve they went to sea.

* * * *

'They sailed away in a sieve, they did,
In a sieve they sailed so fast,
With only a beautiful pea-green veil,
Tied with a riband by way of a sail,
To a small tobacco-pipe mast;

* * * *

And so on. You see that it is quite possible to go to sea in a sieve—that is, if the sieve is large enough and the water is not too rough—and that the above lines are now realized in every particular (Fig. 6).

I may give one more example of the power of this elastic skin of water. If you wish to pour water from a tumbler into a narrow-necked bottle, you know how if you pour slowly it nearly all runs down the side of the glass and gets spilled about, whereas if you pour quickly there is no room for the great quantity of water to pass into the bottle all at once, and so it gets spilled again. But if you take a piece of stick or a glass rod, and hold it against the

FIG. 6.

edge of the tumbler, then the water runs down the rod and into the bottle, and none is lost (Fig. 7); you may even hold the rod inclined to one side, as I am now doing, but the water runs down the wet rod because this elastic skin forms a kind of tube which prevents the water from escaping. This action is often made use of in the country to carry the water from the gutters under the roof into a water-butt below. A piece of stick does nearly as well as an iron pipe, and it does not cost anything like so much.

I think then I have now done enough to show that on the surface of water there is a kind of elastic skin. I do not mean that there is anything that is not water on the surface, but that the water while there acts in a different way to what it does inside, and that it acts as if it were an elastic skin made of something like very thin india-rubber, only that it is perfectly and absolutely elastic, which india-rubber is not.

You will now be in a position to understand how it is that in narrow tubes water does not find its own level, but behaves in an unexpected manner. I have placed in front of the lantern a dish of water colored blue so that you may the more easily see it. I shall now dip into the water a very narrow glass pipe, and immediately the water rushes up and stands about half an inch above the general level. The tube inside is wet. The elastic skin of the water is therefore attached to the tube, and goes on pulling up the water until the weight of the water raised above the general level is equal to the force exerted by the skin. If I take a tube about twice as big, then this pulling action which is going on all round the tube will cause it to lift twice the weight of water, but this will not make the water rise twice as high, because the larger tube holds so much more water for a given length than the smaller tube. It will not even pull it up as high as it did in

FIG. 7.

the case of the smaller tube, because if it were pulled up as high the weight of the water raised would in that case be four times as great, and not only twice as great, as you might at first think. It will therefore only raise the water in the larger tube to half the height, and now that the two tubes are side by side you see the water in the smaller tube standing twice as high as it does in the larger tube. In the same way, if I were to take a tube as fine as a hair the water would go up ever so much higher. It is for this reason that this is called Capillarity, from the Latin word *capillus*, a hair, because the action is so marked in a tube the size of a hair.

Supposing now you had a great number of tubes of all sizes, and placed them in a row with the smallest on one side and all the others in the order of their sizes, then it is evident that the water would rise highest in the smallest tube and less and less high in each tube in the row (Fig. 8), until when you came to a very large tube you would not be able to see that the water was raised at all. You can very easily obtain the same kind of effect by simply taking two square pieces of window glass and placing them face to face with a common match or small fragment of anything to keep them a small distance apart along one edge while they meet together along the opposite edge. An india-rubber ring stretched over them will hold them in this position. I now take this pair of plates and stand it in a dish of colored water, and you at once see that the water creeps up to the top of the plates on the edge where

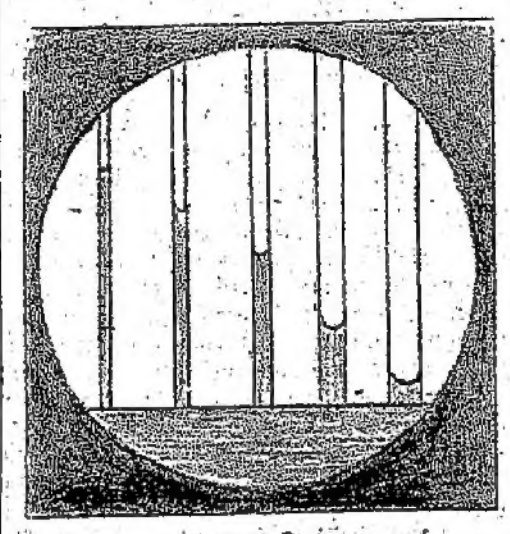


FIG. 8.

they meet, and as the distance between the plates gradually increases, so the height to which the water rises gradually gets less, and the result is that the surface of the liquid forms a beautifully regular curve which is called by mathematicians a rect-

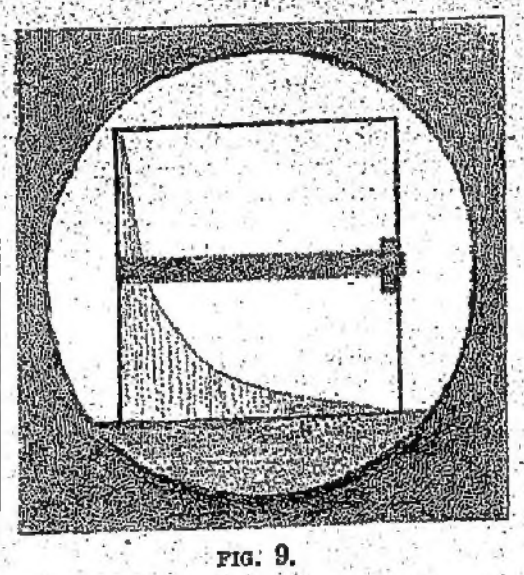


FIG. 9.

angular hyperbola (Fig. 9). I shall have presently to say more about this and some other curves, and so I shall not do more now than state that the hyperbola is formed because as the width between the plates gets greater the height gets less, or, what comes to the same thing, because the weight of liquid pulled up at any small part of the curve is always the same.

If the plates or the tubes had been made of material not wetted by water, then the effect of the tension of the surface would be to drag the liquid away from the narrow spaces, and the more so as the spaces were narrower. As it is not easy to show this well with paraffined glass plates or tubes and water, I shall use another liquid which does not wet or touch clean glass, namely, quicksilver. As it is not possible to see through quicksilver, it will not do to put a narrow tube into this liquid to show that the level is lower in the tube than in the surrounding vessel, but the same result may be obtained by having a wide and a narrow tube joined together. Then, as you see upon the screen, the quicksilver is

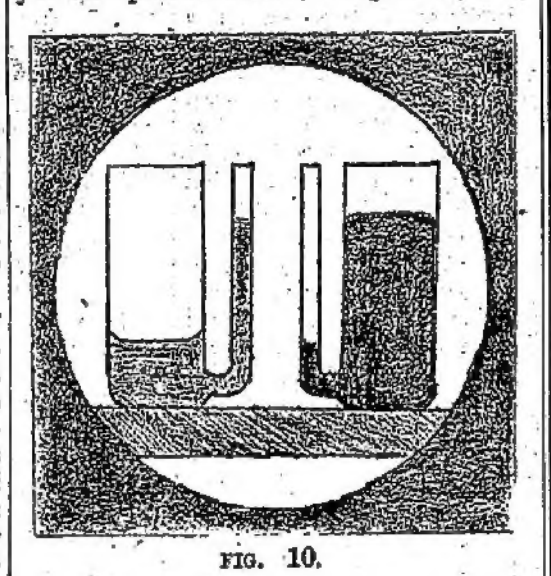


FIG. 10.

lower in the narrow than in the wide tube, whereas in a similar apparatus the reverse is the case with water (Fig. 10).

(To be Continued.)

A MORTIFYING MISTAKE.

I studied my tables over and over, and backward and forward too,
But I couldn't remember six times nine, and I didn't know what to do,
'Till sister told me to play with my doll, and not to bother my head,
'If you call her "Fifty-four" for a while, you'll learn it by heart,' she said.

So I took my favorite, Mary Ann (though I thought it a dreadful shame
To give such a perfectly lovely child such a perfectly horrid name).
And I called her my dear little 'Fifty-four' a hundred times till I know
The answer of six times nine as well as the answer of two times two.

Next day Elizabeth Wigglesworth, who always acts so proud,
Said 'six times nine is fifty-two,' and I nearly laughed aloud!
But I wished I hadn't when teacher said 'now, Dorothy, tell if you can,
For I thought of my doll, and—sakes alive!—I answered—'Mary Ann!'

—*Anna M. Pratt, in St. Nicholas.*

THE YOUNGEST EDITOR IN THE WORLD.

It is the fashion from time to time to talk of the most popular woman or the most prominent man in a community. But in this happy end of the nineteenth century the children are having their day, and grown people are fond of talking of the most popular girl or the most promising boy. The little girl who will be most before the Canadian public for the next five years is Lady Marjorie Gordon, the only daughter of our Governor General and his wife, Lord and Lady Aberdeen. Those who attended the meetings in the Vics' Armory Hall, Montreal, last autumn, for the organization of the Montreal Branch of the Canadian National Council of Women, will remember how naturally Lady Aberdeen referred to 'the small magazine for children edited by my little daughter.' It is owing to her work on this magazine almost as much as to her position as daughter of her noted father and mother that little Lady Marjorie is so well known in the social and literary world to-day.

They say abroad, says Hulda Friederichs, in a character sketch of Lady Marjorie written for 'The Young Woman,' that in no other country does a woman remain young so long as in England. As far as my observations go, there is a good deal of truth in this theory. It is because she is allowed to take a fuller share in the work and play of her brothers. It keeps her bright, occupied with impersonal matters, and consequently young in heart and mind.

I have known the child—for the daughter of Lord and Lady Aberdeen is hardly more than a child—for a good many years of her little life, and from the time when first I saw her, a small maiden of six or seven, working and toiling to help her mother in the arrangement of some bazaar stalls at their house in Grosvenor Square, up to the present day, when she is rapidly growing into a tall and beautiful girl, she has always seemed to me an exceptionally interesting child. Lady Marjorie is a very clever as well as a very attractive girl.

When I first heard of Lady Marjorie editing the 'Children's page' in her mother's monthly magazine, *Onward and Upward*, I naturally thought that she only played at editing, and that the real work for this page, which afterwards grew into *Wee Willie Winkie*, was done by others. But no, the child took her full share in the work, and took it as seriously as she had been taught to do any other work that had been given to her. Others might help her to judge and 'set' competitions, to select the most suitable from among the contributions of youthful friends and admirers, but the Editor was fully aware of everything that went into her magazine, she read every 'Letter to the Editor;' and I have more than once seen her busily engaged before a large billiard-tableful of strange and wonderful drawings, paintings, pieces of needlework, toys, and MSS., sent in by a great army of competitors for prizes. 'I really don't know which of them are the best,' she says, half puzzled and half amused, as she looks upon these treasures. But after carefully weighing the matter and appealing to the Supreme Court constituted by her parents, she decides upon the prize-winners; so far, I believe, always to the satisfaction of all concerned.

I have before me as I write this, the first volume of *Onward and Upward*, where Lady Aberdeen, in a letter 'To the Children,' characteristically addressed 'My dear Chicks,' says, 'My little daughter Marjorie is going to take charge of the "Children's Corner" for me.' A month afterwards the first 'Children's Page' appears. As yet the little editor has to write the whole page. She does it in a charmingly simple and natural manner. First she writes a letter to her 'Dear Comrades.' They have been invited to send letters to the Editor, but plainly the bairns are shy, and no letters have come. Therefore, with the same tact which distinguishes her parents, Lady Marjorie shows them how to set about it by herself writing a letter:—

'As this number of *Onward and Upward* comes so soon after the Christmas one, none of you will have had time to write for the "Children's Page," and so I will tell you some interesting things about some animals which I have known.'

And after some really amusing horse and dog stories, she ends up by saying, 'Please send me some letters about your animals soon, and remember that there will be some prizes given to those who send the best stories.—I am, yours faithfully, 'MARJORIE A. H. GORDON.'

Since then, Lady Marjorie, besides sitting in the editorial chair, has always remained a diligent contributor to her paper. Once she took up her pen with evident delight to tell her 'comrades' how she and her three brothers had suddenly become landed proprietors in their own right. It is a very pretty story, that of Holiday Cottage, which stands about half a mile from Haddo House on the borders of a wood.

In order that their children might be better able to appreciate the difficulties and delights of housekeeping, Lord and Lady Aberdeen had this cottage fitted up with all the goods and chattels of a humble home, except that there is no sleeping accommodation in it. You walk across the

LADY MARJORIE GORDON.

field and turn into the wicket-gate of a small cottage-garden, where Lord Haddo and the Hon. Dudley and Archie Gordon grow potatoes, cabbages, and strawberries, and where, perchance, you may see the three brothers dig and delve, fetch water from a pump in the neighboring field, mend fences, polish door-knockers, chop wood, or make themselves otherwise useful. Lady Marjorie grows roses and other flowers in this garden, and all the four owners of Holiday Cottage are intensely interested in a tiny rockery close to their door. This door you reach by a little verandah, and against the verandah four ivies are merrily growing up. They are interesting ivies; each is different from the others, and each belongs to one of the young people, and is watched over with tender care. For in the solemn deed of purchase, which hangs over the mantelpiece in the cottage parlor, it is expressly stated that four ivy leaves must annually be paid for the lease of this estate.

The cottage door is of the correct kind, not too high or wide; and it has a small knocker and a letter-box. On entering it, you step into a cheery little sitting-room, simply furnished, but with a thousand signs everywhere that the owners take great pride and pleasure in this sanctum of theirs.

LADY MARJORIE AS COOK AND HOUSEKEEPER.

One February day last winter, while we were skating on the curling pond in the Haddo grounds, Lady Marjorie, gliding past on her skates, asked a friend and myself a little shyly, but with a roguish look in her dark velvet eyes, to come to Holiday Cottage next day and see her and her brothers 'at home.' The snow lay deep in the fields, but a small snow-plough had cleared the path to the cottage. A thin cloud of blue smoke was rising from its roof, and the red flag was up, indicating that 'the family' were at home. As we approached, Lord Haddo was toiling with a load of coal from the small outhouses behind the cottage towards the kitchen; and Lady Marjorie, her Gordon tartan gown hidden under a big kitchen apron, opened the door to us. 'I am not quite ready,' she said presently, when we had been shown the chief beauties of the sitting-room. 'If you will excuse me, I'll go back into the kitchen for a while.' And away she flew, eager, happy, and a little anxious about the success of her luncheon party. 'Dodo, come here at once,' she called out presently; 'and you too, Archie!' and her two brothers went obediently into the kitchen. Everything was ready now; the kitchen apron had been doffed, and Lady Marjorie came to do the honors of her luncheon-table, at which her youngest brother acted as page. Lord Haddo had disappeared. 'He is the postman,' our happy hostess, who was forgetting her girlish shyness, explained, and looked delightedly at the door as the postman's double knock was heard, and a letter came flying through the letter-box into the room. It was quite touching to see the three children's beaming faces during the whole entertainment. Lady Marjorie had been cook as well as housemaid, as her brothers told us with great pride. When the cheerful banquet was over, and we begged to be allowed to peep into the kitchen, her little ladyship was again enveloped in her apron, zealously washing up the luncheon things. 'Oh, you oughtn't to look in now,' she said somewhat uneasily; 'it does not look quite tidy yet. When I have finished, you will see what a lovely kitchen it is.' In this kitchen Lady Marjorie practises all the details of housekeeping. If the floor is dirty, she scrubs it; when the grate is cold, she kneels in front of it and cleans it, and lays the fire; the brightness of the cutlery and crockery depends on her handiwork; and if the owners of Holiday Cottage invite guests to tea or luncheon, she must prepare whatever refreshments she offers to them.

HER BROTHERS.

The boys are devoted to their sister, and she in turn is their best friend and comrade. She may 'keep them in order' in a very energetic way, but they look to her for help and counsel in the manifold difficulties and awkwardnesses into which lads of the schoolboy age are apt to fall.

THE VIRTUE OF SELF-CONTROL.

Another virtue which I have noticed, with the more admiration in Lady Marjorie, because she is naturally a quick, impulsive child, is that of self-control. It is the result of wise discipline. Once when Lady Aberdeen had been good enough to allow me to have the nurseries at Haddo House photographed for my 'Children's Page' in the *Westminster Budget*, I kept little Archie for quite an unconscionably long time, trying to get him, in his riding attire, into one of the pictures. His sister was waiting outside on horseback, for the two were going to take their morning ride together. 'Archie, Archie, make haste!' I heard her call, after she had waited patiently for nearly half an hour. Both horse and rider were getting very restless, but the only thing she said when, after a period of waiting which I know would have exhausted my patience twice over, the boy came out, was this, 'Well jump up quickly, and don't waste another minute; I know you couldn't help it.' And she said it with a smiling face.

By nature Lady Marjorie Gordon is shy and very reserved with strangers, though she is so impulsive and lively a girl. Shyness and sensitiveness, much lamented though they too often are, are excellent safeguards with all clever children, and much odious forwardness is checked and prevented through them.

LADY MARJORIE'S 'MAIDEN SPEECH.'

Even in her own home circle her girlish timidity overcomes her occasionally. There was a debating night, a short time ago, at the Haddo House Club; a 'hat-night,' as it is called. Papers on which subjects for debate are suggested are thrown into a hat, and members who are willing to practise extempore speaking for five minutes are asked to possess themselves of one of these slips of paper and discourse on the prescribed subject. Owing, perhaps, to the presence of rather a large number of strangers at the Club, there was rather a dearth of orators that evening. At last somebody suggested that Lady Marjorie should join their ranks, and the suggestion was loudly and vigorously seconded. She clung to her mother's arm, and looked very shy at first. But there was no help for it, and when Lord Aberdeen encouragingly said 'Come along, Marjorie, and make your maiden speech,' she obeyed. 'Professor Henry Drummond' was the subject. 'Surely you ought to be able to talk five minutes about him,' Lord Aberdeen urged; and Lady Marjorie's face brightened indeed, for next to their own parents I should fancy that Professor Drummond holds the first place in the hearts of the four children of Haddo House. I could not but feel a little sympathetic pity for the blushing youthful orator as she faced her audience and vainly sought for words, or as she turned to her father and pleadingly whispered, 'Haven't I spoken five minutes yet?' But all at once she forgot her shyness, remembering only that Professor Drummond could tell delightful stories, and praised him in a way in which he has probably never before been praised. And then she went quickly back to the protecting shelter of Lady Aberdeen's arms.

But a few more happy years, and Lady Marjorie Gordon will have reached the age when she will become the Countess of Aberdeen's helpmate in all her good and unselfish work. She is being trained for it in the best possible way. May she lose nothing, with the development of her many talents, of the sweet girlishness which now constitutes one of her greatest charms!

PICKED VIOLETS.

BY MARY SELDEN M'COBB.

(Concluded.)

'Oh, my precious darling!' she sobbed, clasping her pony's neck. And she did her best to make amends by embroidering 'Puck' in raised worsted letters on a fine new red blanket, which she 'charged' on her bill.

The blanket was substantial, but rather plain. And (how lucky!) what should Patty see at this juncture but the advertisement of a sale of 'fancy articles,' including buttons, tapes, fringes, etc., 'marked down to fabulously low prices!'

'Fringes?' Fringes which last week cost two dollars could now be bought for one. And since Puck's new blanket would be 'simply perfect' with a fringe, common-sense (Patty's common-sense) declared it would be almost criminal to neglect such an opportunity. But alas! this 'sale' was not to be at Dayton & Brock's. Besides, it was to be 'conducted upon cash principles.'

Here Elizabeth Niles came to the rescue. Elizabeth was a frugal soul, and by some process very mysterious to Patty, had managed to actually save three whole dollars out of her own small allowance. 'I'll lend you a dollar,' said she, cordially.

'Patty's face brightened. 'I'll pay you interest,' cried she. 'Twelve percent, Bess.'

It was clear sailing now. Patty's mind, being as elastic as India-rubber, rebounded, and serenity reigned.

She did wish that the G. A. C. would postpone having white badges till another month. She even went so far as to vote against 'white satin cockades with silver tassels.' But she was in a minority of one, and so must yield. However, ribbon and tinsel could be found at Dayton & Brock's.

On the 25th of this month Elizabeth Niles's sister was to be married; and, dear! dear! Patty's white gown had elbow sleeves, which necessitated *long* gloves.

'Charge them,' ordered Patty, and hugged herself to think that in six days the month would end. Then would she be free from the debts which, it must be confessed, were a burden to her mind, in spite of her faculty for forgetting betweenwhiles.

In fact, the constant and rapid changes from this new fever for spending to the cool chills which followed when she suddenly realized how much precious money had vanished had kept Patty in a ferment which was far from comfortable.

'I will be more careful,' she perpetually told herself; and then a fresh temptation would lure her into new extravagances. 'But next month! Oh, next month!'

There lay her hope now.

'And, lo! on the eve of that longed-for 1st, a yellow envelope came by post. It was addressed, in a strange hand, to

MISS PATIENCE ARBUTHNOT,
32 Delavan street,
City.

Patty opened it with a pleasing curiosity as to who her unknown correspondent might be. Her eyes fell upon a long narrow slip of paper. Her heart gave a tremendous jump. This is what she read:

MISS P. ARBUTHNOT,
Bought of Dayton & Brock,
505 and 507 State street.

TERMS, NET CASH.

If terms are not correct, or if prices charged are not as bought, notify at once, or settle by invoice.

2 yd. Flannel	$1.00
1 yd. Ribbon	" 35
1 spool Embroidery Silk	35
Steel Beads	60
1 Scarlet Blanket	$2 50
Black Worsted	06
3 yds. White Ribbon	51
1 Silver Tassel	40
1 pr. Gloves	$2.75
	$8.52

Patty's eyes and mouth opened wider and wider. Eight dollars and fifty-two cents! Could it be possible that she owed such a sum as that? Yet every item was correct. The fact was that, like many an older person, she had, in her easy fashion, neglected to keep a strict private list of her buyings, and had not in the least realized that small sums increase to large with a rapidity which seems almost miraculous. Thirty-five cents is—nothing. But two nothings added together make a very considerable something. And when cents count up to a dollar, and one begins to 'carry,' it does seem as if figures were bewitched.

Eight dollars and fifty-two cents! And Patty would have only five dollars on the morrow. She had not forgotten Elizabeth's dollar. And though the 'interest,' even at twelve percent, would be trifling, yet it must be reckoned.

Patty grasped the back of a chair and panted in dismay. To go to Dayton & Brock and ask for more time was clearly impossible. 'I wonder what 'settle by invoice" means?' she thought, and actually hunted up the word in the dictionary in the forlorn hope of escape on that ground. But no. She was fenced in on every side. She tried to study to-morrow's lessons, but no words stayed in her head save those awful syllables, 'Eight dollars, fifty-two cents!' And she had been so proud to be 'trusted' by her parents! To 'assume responsibilities' had seemed so womanly! And here she was already over head and ears in debt. Disgraced before her schoolmates, lowered in her own eyes, proved unfit to handle money. A very miserable girl, she crept to bed, and there she turned and tossed, as wretched a little person as can be imagined.

Patty was not much given to early rising, except on Christmas, birthdays, and such festive occasions, so Mrs. Arbuthnot was surprised when a knock came on her dressing-room door long before breakfast-time, and Patty stalked into her mother's presence, pale, wide-eyed, her head thrown back, a frown on her brow. She held in her hand her Russia-leather cash-book. She thrust it out, with two words, 'Take it!'

'Why, Patty!' exclaimed her mother.

At the sound of a tender voice the fountains of the great deep was unsealed. Patty flung herself on her mother's neck and sobbed out all her woes. Suddenly she looked up, bewildered, indignant, for mamsey's shoulders were shaking with inextinguishable laughter.

'Why—do—you—laugh?' demanded Patty, quite fiercely.

But Mrs. Arbuthnot only laughed the harder, till she actually had to wipe the tears from her merry eyes.

'Oh, my Patty!' she was saying. 'Oh, my dear girl! You are—you are a "chip of the old block." I knew you were, but I didn't believe you'd show it so quickly.' And again the musical laughter rang out. 'Did you know why I told daddy to give you that five dollars? Listen, Patty, and I'll tell you. The first three years of my married life I nearly ruined my poor husband, because I knew nothing of the real value of money, and the pennies slipped through my foolish fingers just as they have done through yours. So I determined that no daughter of mine should grow to womanhood without learning just how much and just how little a dollar was worth.'

'I've found how little it will buy,' groaned Patty. 'Please take back my cash-book, mamsey. I want no more "allowance."'

'Take back your book? Not a bit of it!' exclaimed her mother. 'You are to learn arithmetic by experience, my child. You are to find out that no one has a right to spend a single penny thoughtlessly; that to run up a bill, unless one is perfectly sure of the means to pay it promptly, is just as great a sin as to steal from a shopkeeper's money-drawer.'

'How did you know I had a bill, mamsey?' faltered Patty.

But the little mamma only shook her head, with a twinkle in her bright eyes

'Keep your account-book, honey,' she said. 'I'll set you on your feet for this month, and the next four weeks let me advise you in your spendings. No more bills, pray. It's all very well for persons who are doing business on a large scale not to confine themselves to cash payments. But you and I will buy only as we can pay on the spot. And there's many a pleasure you must deny yourself, lassie. It's a great luxury to give one's friends presents, and to take a horse-car whenever one feels inclined. But even in little matters one must learn self-control. Take back your account-book? Let you give up your allowance? Not a bit of it.'

Patty clung to her mother's hand, giving it a hard squeeze, when promptly the month's five dollars came out of father's pocket.

The last time I saw her she was wrestling over the problem of how to make five dollars do its utmost.

'One month I consult with mamsey, and the next I try to manage my own affairs,' she told me, soberly. 'Just as sure as I paddle my own canoe I run on a rock. It's so hard to make myself careful. And you have to be careful to be—honest,' she added. 'I'm going to keep at it until I learn to say "no" to myself. Future generations shall have a chance to read the following lines: "The subject of these memoirs departed life at the advanced age of one hundred and four, having at last become convinced, by long and bitter experience, that

"Violets once picked,
The sweetest showers
Can ne'er make bloom again."

She may not have been generous, but she was magnificently—just.'

And Patty gave a determined nod to her pretty head.

MRS. REESE'S NEW HOME.

BY MRS. L. E. THORPE.

'You see, I didn't know that tract of land belonged to me. I never thought of having any right to that!' Mrs. Reese was saying, in a joyous tone, to her friend Mrs. Carr.

'Tract of land!' exclaimed Mrs. Carr, glancing at the narrow domain surrounding the tiny home.

'You know, Sister Carr, how the Israelites had been a long time in the promised land, and Joshua had grown very old and feeble, when it was announced that there was yet a vast territory to be divided among them. And so, though I found it out only last week, there is a great, lovely piece lying right along beside me that belongs undisputably to me, if I only take possession.'

Mrs. Carr's look of inquiry and interest hastened Mrs. Reese to give an explanation.

'You know something of the sorrows and reverses of the past five years in our family, but we kept up heart, for the kind words of friends and the grace of God enabled me to put grief and fear under my feet. But when I received that injury in the winter, and Willie had to earn all the living, it looked a little dark. Then came word that money owing me could not be paid. I had intended that to help me, so Willie could go to school again. He was working hard and had little time for study at night. Then I had prospects of getting a good position—where my lame ankles would not hinder my work—but the company decided "to economize," so that fell through. Oh, I tell you, Sister Carr,' she said, interrupting herself, 'the rich don't economize as we do—in their daily necessities. No, their bodies are just as well fed, and their rooms as warm! Their economy takes the bread out of the mouths of the poor! It is because they don't think. Then Myrtle was very sick, you remember, two weeks, and was just better when Willie was taken with the same complaint. It was severe on us; but my children were spared to me, and I was thankful and hopeful. But when Willie went back to work he found his place had been given to another, and he was put at work out of doors—exposed to the weather and work too hard for him then. While he was telling me I was unwrapping the bit of meat he brought for supper. It was a miserable scrap, and he had paid nearly half his day's wages for it! The hot tears would come as I remembered how the same butcher used to entice our trade with the finest bargains before Mr. Reese died!

'"Mamma, see here!" cried Willie gaily, lifting the cover from his dinner pail. "Mrs. Knowles said her folks were too saucy to eat this jell, and she thought we would like it."

'"Well, that will be one blessing for this evening," I thought, as we had had no fruit at all for two months. But that light soon went out, for the jelly was so moldy no amount of cooking over would make it taste good; and the clouds seemed thicker than I could bear. O yes, I prayed, and God came so near I could not help crying for joy, and I still trusted him: but all night long it seemed I could see nothing, think of nothing but the pale face of my poor, patient, over-burdened child! Well, you remember the next evening in the prayer-meeting I spoke of coming especially that night for help—as the clouds had seemed over me all the week. Then the next one said, 'Christians ought not to have clouds. There is always sunshine in the soul if we are right with God. At the close Brother Hurst was talking with Miss Bateman, and said something about his trials. Then I just asked if trials were clouds—or what it was that overshadowed our joy at times, and he questioned me until I had to tell him my trouble about Willie. Then he just pointed out to me that tract of land—so rich and peaceful, and told me to take it, that it was mine according to God's law. I would not believe it, but I could not sleep for praying and thinking, and after a while it all came plain to me, and in my joy I just went right on to that blessed place and took possession, and now I'm all moved over, and I expect to stay there.'

'O *do go on and explain*, Mrs. Reese. I know you mean spiritually, but I want to know more clearly. What was it Mr. Hurst told you?'

'He asked me if my boy was not consecrated to the Lord. I told him that that only made me feel doubly responsible for him.

'"True," he said, 'but if I give Miss Bateman this dollar, is she not to do what she pleases with it? Have I any right to go and take it back, or fret if she does not use it as I judge best? The boy is the Lord's, and he is responsible for him, not you.'

I did not feel as if that met my needs, it was an old story, but after a while I saw. I gave up my puny, imagined responsibility, then I set my stakes in this territory of trust, and I shall live here. Willie's health improves wonderfully out of doors, and I thank God every day that I am the Lord's, and my children are the Lord's, and he is responsible for our lives.'
—*Morning Star.*

ABSTAIN FOR A WEEK TO TRY YOUR APPETITE.

A young man carelessly formed the habit of taking a glass of liquor every morning before breakfast. An older friend advised him to quit before the habit should grow too strong.

'Oh, there's no danger; it's a mere notion. I can quit any time,' replied the drinker.

'Suppose you try it to-morrow morning,' suggested the friend.

'Very well; to please you I'll do so, but I assure you there's no cause for alarm.'

A week later the young man met his friend again.

'You are not looking well,' observed the latter. 'Have you been ill?'

'Hardly,' replied the other one. 'But I am trying to escape a dreadful danger, and fear that I shall be, before I shall have conquered. My eyes were opened to an imminent peril when I gave you that promise a week ago. I thank you for timely suggestion.'

'How did it affect you?' inquired the friend.

The first trial utterly deprived me of appetite for food. I could eat no breakfast, and was nervous and trembling all day. I was alarmed when I realized how insidiously the habit had fastened on me, and resolved to turn square about and never touch another drop. The squaring off has pulled me down severely, but I am gaining, and mean to keep the upper hand after this. Strong drink will never catch me in his net again.'—*Ohio Church Life.*

BAD HABITS.

The late Canon Bateman, of Southchurch, Southend formerly vicar of Huddersfield, used to tell how he gave up his 'bad habits' of smoking and snuff-taking. 'I was,' he says, 'a great smoker in early life, and, all through college and afterwards, never passed a day and never slept a night without my cigars. The time came for holy orders. Was the habit to be allowed or not? Better not. I sat by the fire, with a friend, in the hotel at Lichfield. Next day we were to be ordained. The cathedral clock struck twelve. At the end I dropped my cigar into the fire. "That is the last," I said; and I have not smoked another for forty-five years.'

HELEN KELLER'S STORY.

(Concluded.)

I left the pump-house eager to learn everything. We met the nurse carrying my little cousin, and teacher spelled 'baby.' And for the first I was impressed with the smallness and helplessness of a little baby, and mingled with that thought there was another one of myself, and I was glad I was myself, and not a baby.

I learned a great many words that day. I do not remember what they all were; but I do know that 'mother,' 'father,' 'sister' and 'teacher' were among them. It would have been difficult to find a happier little child than I was that night as I lay in my crib and thought over the joy the day had brought me, and for the first time longed for a new day to come.

The next morning I awoke with joy in my heart. Everything I touched seemed to quiver with life. It was because I saw everything with the new, strange, beautiful sight which had been given me. I was never angry after that because I understood what my friends said to me, and I was very busy learning many wonderful things. I was never still during the first glad days of my freedom. I was continually spelling, and acting out the words as I spelled them. I would run, skip, jump, and swing, no matter where I happened to be. Everything was budding and blossoming. The honeysuckle hung in long garlands, deliciously fragrant, and the roses had never been so beautiful. Teacher and I lived out-of-doors from morning until night, and I rejoiced greatly in the forgotten light and sunshine found again.

I did not have regular lessons then as I do now. I just learned about everything, about trees and flowers, how they absorb the dew and sunshine; about animals, their names and all their secrets:

> How the beavers built their lodges,
> Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
> How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
> Why the rabbit was so timid.'

Once I went to a circus, and teacher described to me the wild animals and the countries where they live. I fed the elephants and monkeys; I patted a sleeping lion and sat on a camel's back. I was very much interested in the wild animals, and I approached them without fear, for they seemed to me a part of the great, beautiful country I was exploring.

The next step in my education, which I remember distinctly, was learning to read. As soon as I could spell a few words, teacher gave me slips of cardboard on which were printed words in raised letters. I very quickly learned that the printed words stood for things. I had a frame in which I could arrange the words so that they would make little sentences; but before I ever arranged sentences in the frame I used to make them with objects.

I would find the slips of paper which represented 'doll is on bed,' and place them on the objects, thus making a sentence. Nothing delighted me so much as this game. I would play it for hours together. Often when everything in the room was arranged so as to make sentences I would find teacher and show her what I had done. Then I would get the Primer and hunt for the words I knew, and when I found one I would scream with joy.

I read my first story on May day, and ever since books and I have been loving friends and inseparable companions. They have made a bright world of thought and beauty all around me. They have been my faithful teachers in all that is good and beautiful. Their pages have carried me back to ancient times, and shown me Egypt, Greece, Rome! They have introduced me to kings, heroes and gods, and they have revealed to me great thoughts, great deeds. Is it strange that I love them?

I would like to tell how I was taught to write and to do sums in arithmetic, but it would make my story too long.

I will now try to describe the first Christmas I knew anything about. Oh, what a merry, merry Christmas it was! No child in all the land could have been happier than I was. I had never known what Christmas meant before teacher came, and every one in the family tried to make my first Christmas a memorable one.

They all prepared surprises for me, and the mystery with which they surrounded their gifts was my greatest amusement during the last days of December. My mother and teacher seemed always to be at work upon secrets, which they pretended to hide as soon as I appeared. I got more and more excited as the day when the mysteries were to be revealed approached.

It came at last, the glad, beautiful Christmas Day! I awoke earlier than usual, and flew to the table where I had been told Santa Claus would leave his presents, and sure enough, there they were! Such gifts! such gifts! How shall I describe them? There was a real canary in a cage, a lovely doll in a cradle, a trunk full of treasures, a beautiful set of dishes and many other choice things.

The day was full of joy from beginning to end, and I shall always think of it as the merriest happiest Christmas of my childhood.

The next important event in my life was my visit to Boston. I shall never forget the incidents connected with that happy event, the preparations beforehand, the departure with teacher and mother, the journey and, finally, the arrival in the beautiful City of Kind Hearts one morning late in May.

During the long winter evenings, as we sat by the glowing fire, teacher had told me of her far-away northern home, and of the dear, unknown friends there, who loved her little pupil, until a great longing to visit Boston grew strong in my heart. And one day, like an answer to my wish, came a kind letter from Mr. Anagnos, inviting mother, teacher and me to spend the summer with him.

The invitation was accepted, and the middle of May was the time fixed upon for our departure. I thought the days of impatient waiting endless; but at last they were over, and I found myself sitting by teacher in the train, asking many eager questions as it sped onward.

We spent a few days in Washington, visiting the places of interest, and I learned many things about the government of our country. I saw the President, and the beautiful gardens surrounding the White House. It was there also that I met my dear friend Doctor Bell. He came to see me, and afterwards sent me a toy elephant which amused me greatly.

But although I enjoyed my stay in Washington, yet I was glad when we resumed our journey, and gladder still when the train stopped, and teacher said: 'This is Boston!!!'

I wish it were possible for me to give a full description of that memorable visit; for it was rich in incidents, and new, exciting experiences. But it would take much time, and I fear my story is already too long, so I will only mention disconnectedly the things that most impressed me.

I joined the little blind children in their work and play, and talked continually. I was delighted to find that nearly all my new friends could spell with their fingers. Oh, what happiness! to talk freely with other children! to feel at home in the great world! Until then, I had been a little foreigner, speaking through an interpreter; but in Boston, in the city where Doctor Howe had lived, and where Laura Bridgman was taught, I was no longer a stranger. I was at home, and the dream of my childhood was accomplished.

Soon after our arrival in Boston, we visited Plymouth, and in that quaint, old Puritan town I listened with eager interest to the story of the coming of the Pilgrim Fathers. That was my first lesson in history. And a few days later, when I had climbed the Bunker Hill Monument, teacher told me how brave, unselfish men won our dear country's freedom, my heart was thrilled, and I was proud of being born an American.

We spent one very happy morning with the deaf children at the Horace Mann School. I had never thought I should learn to talk like other people until teacher told me that morning the little deaf children were being taught to speak. Then I was eager to learn myself, and two years afterward, in that very school, I did learn to speak, and another wall which seemed to stand between my soul and the outside world was broken down.

Dear Miss Fuller taught me in a short time to make all the sounds which constitute that wonderful, curious thing we call speech. My mother had thought her little child's voice lost forever; but lo! Love had found it, and brought it home.

I wish now to speak of my visit to the seaside; for it was during my sojourn at the north that I received my first impressions of the great ocean. It was about the middle of July, after my mother had returned to our home in the sunny south, that teacher and I went to Brewster, a pleasant little town on Cape Cod, where we spent a very happy summer.

The morning after our arrival, I awoke bright and early. A beautiful summer day had dawned, the day on which I was to make the acquaintance of a sombre and mysterious friend. I got up, and dressed quickly and ran down-stairs. I met teacher in the hall, and begged to be taken to the sea at once. 'Not yet,' she responded, laughing. 'We must have breakfast first.'

As soon as breakfast was over, we hurried off to the shore. Our pathway led through low, sandy hills, and as we hastened on, I often caught my feet in the long, coarse grass, and tumbled, laughing, in the warm, shining sand. The beautiful, warm air was peculiarly fragrant, and I noticed it got cooler and fresher as we went on.

Suddenly we stopped, and I knew, without being told, the sea was at my feet. I know, too, it was immense! awful! and for a moment some of the sunshine seemed to have gone out of the day. But I do not think I was afraid; for later when I had put on my bathing-suit, and the little waves ran up on the beach, and kissed my feet, I shouted for joy, and plunged fearlessly into the surf. But, unfortunately, I struck my foot on a rock, and fell forward into the cold water.

Then a strange, fearful sense of danger terrified me. The salt water filled my eyes, and took away my breath, and a great wave threw me upon the beach as easily as if I had been a little pebble. For several days after that I was very timid, and could hardly be persuaded to go in the water at all; but by degrees my courage returned, and almost before the summer was over, I thought it the greatest fun to be tossed about by the sea-waves.

Oh, the happy, happy hours I spent, hunting the wonderful shells! How pretty they were with their lovely, fresh hues, and exquisite shapes! And how pleasant it was to sit on the sandy bank, and braid the sea-grass, while teacher told me stories of the sea, and described, in simple words that I could understand, the majestic ocean, and the ships that drifted in the distance like white-winged birds.

People sometimes seem surprised that I love the ocean when I cannot see it. But I do not think it is strange. It is because God has planted the love of His wonderful works deep in the hearts of His children, and whether we see them or not, we feel everywhere their beauty and mystery enfolding us.

I returned to my southern home at the beginning of November, with a head full of joyous memories, and a heart full of grateful love for the dear friends who had done so much for my happiness.

It was long before we again visited the beautiful City of Kind Hearts. I continued my studies at home, and grew gladder every day and night because of the new, wonderful knowledge that was coming to me. Of course I do not mean that I was never sad. I suppose every one has sorrows. Our dear poet has said: 'Into each life some rain must fall,' and I am sure the rain is needful for us as it is for the flowers.

I wept bitterly when I heard of the death of my beautiful dog; for I loved her tenderly. Oh! Lioness was so brave and gentle. She would lay her head in my lap when I caressed her, and I knew there was a gentle, loving expression in her brown eyes. And how it grieved me to think I should never see her again! But even that sorrow had a bright side.

When the dog-lovers in England and America heard that my dog had been killed they were very sorry and kindly offered to raise money to buy me another Mastiff. Then I knew that my beautiful dog's death would be the means of bringing light and joy to a desolate life. I wrote to the kind gentlemen and asked them to send me the money, which they proposed raising, to help educate Tommy [Stringer] instead of buying me another dog.

Little Tommy's story is a very sad one. I first heard of him one vacation, while visiting some dear friends in Pennsylvania. He was then in one of the hospitals in Pittsburgh. When he was only four years old he had a dreadful illness which deprived him of his sight and hearing. His mother died when he was a mere infant, and his father was too poor to have him educated. So he remained in the hospital, blind and deaf, and dumb, and small and friendless altogether. Could there be a more pitiful condition?

When I returned to Boston the following autumn Tommy was constantly in my thoughts. I told my friends about him, and Mr. Anagnos promised he would find a place for my little human plantlet in the beautiful Child's Garden which the kind people of Boston have given to the little sightless children, if I would raise money to pay his teacher and other expenses.

That seemed to me an easy thing to do. I knew that the world was full of love and sympathy, and that an appeal in behalf of a helpless little child would meet with a loving response. And so it did. The dog-lovers started a Tommy-fund immediately; little children began to work for him, and people in far-away states, and even in England and Canada, sent their offerings of money and sympathy.

In a very short time enough money was raised to pay Tommy's expenses for a year, and he was brought to Boston, and a sunny corner in the Child's Garden was found for him, and in that bright, warm atmosphere of love the little human flower soon learned to grow, and the darkness which had enfolded his child-life so closely melted away. So love is the most beautiful thing in all the world. 'Love,—no other word we utter, can so sweet and precious be.'

I will here end this little story of my childhood. I am spending the winter at my home in the lovely south, the land of sunshine and flowers, surrounded by all that makes life sweet and natural; loving parents, a precious baby brother, a tender little sister and the dearest teacher in the world. My life is full of happiness. Every day brings me some new joy, some fresh token of love from distant friends, until in the fullness of my glad heart, I cry: 'Love is everything! And God is Love!'

RUNNING AWAY FROM GOD.

Mother had told them not to touch it; that was the worst of it. The pretty Franklin stove had been taken down and carried out, and mother quickly stuffed a newspaper in the round hole left by the stove-pipe,

'*It's so very windy to-day*,' she said to the men, 'that I am afraid to take the screen down; but you needn't come back; Jane can take up the soot when the wind falls.'

As mother left the room, she turned and said to Jessie and Polly, standing on each side of the mantel-piece, 'Don't touch that newspaper.'

She was so used to their doing what she told them that she didn't think of it again; but an ugly little spirit of disobedience crept into their hearts, and they hardly waited for mother to be up stairs before they pulled out the paper, to peep into the dark hole and see why mother was afraid to take down the screen.

And in tugging at the paper, down came the screen itself, and then what a lot of mischief Mr. Wind was up to! He caught the piles of soft black soot lying in the hearth, and sprinkled it over every thing—the pretty crimson and gray carpet, the damask chairs, the books and bric-a-brac, and over the cleanly-dressed little girls themselves. O, what a mess!

'Let's run away, Poll,' said Jessie. So they caught up their caps from the hall-sofa and away they trotted, through the back yard and the garden, and out into the fields.

But by the time mother had discovered the mischief, and was beginning to look about anxiously for the culprits, she spied them coming laggingly back through the broken fence, and the garden and the back yard. They looked so forlorn that mother did not punish them; she thought they had punished themselves.

'But why did you turn back so soon, if you wanted to run away?' she asked.

'O, we 'membered it wasn't any good to run,' said Jessie, ''cause we couldn't run away from God, you know. He's just most everywhere.'

'And when you are good children,' said the mother, 'you'll love to think that God is everywhere, and that you can't get away from him.'—*The Sunbeam*.

A GROUP OF AINOS.

GIVING NAMES AMONG THE AINOS.

BY REV. J. BATCHELOR.

Last March in Japan I admitted an Aino to the visible Church of Christ by baptism. She is a girl of thirteen. Before the baptism took place I had great difficulty with regard to the choice of a suitable name for her. Such a selection is a very hard matter among the Ainos. It is true, indeed, that they only have one name each, like the ancient Greeks, but then they have so many superstitions and curious customs connected with this subject that the choosing of a fitting name for a person is quite a formidable task. The chief difficulties, then, connected with finding names for Aino children come from this fact.

No one may be called by the name of a person who has passed away. When anyone dies, his or her name must die also. Should the name of a dead person be applied to a boy or girl, it is supposed that it will grieve the soul of the departed, and be likely to call forth his or her displeasure. Some evil would be pretty certain to follow, for the spirit of the dead can, it is thought, act upon the living for good or evil. No person can, therefore, take the name of his dead parent, friend or ancestor. They always try to banish the very idea of death from their thoughts.

It will easily be seen, therefore, that there must always be a great want of Aino proper names, and that naming a person is a matter of great difficulty. Names in themselves are supposed by the Ainos to be lucky or unlucky, and to bring fortune or misfortune on a person, as the case may be. The people appear to invest them with power for good or evil, so superstitious are they. In short, the Ainos appear to live in a great whirl of superstition with regard to this as well as every other subject. Thus, for example, a child is of a weakly disposition, and is consequently always ailing; this is often thought to be because the name is an unfortunate one. It has, therefore, to be changed.

I have repeatedly been asked to name or rename persons, varying in age from four to eighteen, for this very reason. I know of one sickly child who is continually ill, and whose name has been changed by her parents and friends no less than four times, and only to-day I was asked, as a great favor, to think of a new and more fortunate name for her! This superstition is very deeply fixed in the mind of the Ainos, and it will take a long time to get rid of it, for such ideas among such a people die very hardly.

I mentioned above that a person must not be called after his or her ancestors or deceased relations. In the same way he must not take the name of his living neighbors. Should such a thing be done it would be looked upon as a kind of theft, and treated accordingly. This fact probably arose from the idea that names bring good or evil, and a person needs all the good his name can bring, and does not care to have it divided up with another. In trying to find a name for a person I have several times been asked not to use such and such a name, because some one else at another village has one which sounds very much like it. Again, the name must have a good sound and meaning. That seems reasonable enough.

Choosing a name for the person I lately baptized, I suggested several before I could hit upon the right one. Thus, Rhoda would not do at all because the first syllable sounded too much like the Japanese word 'ro,' a prison, and is a word often used by the Ainos for 'prison,' so that Rhoda or Rota would mean, as the Ainos use it, 'to be in prison.' It was not the slightest use telling them that the Scripture word Rhoda had another meaning. A name with such a sound could not possibly do. I next mentioned Sarah as a venture. But even that would not do by any means; it sounded too much like the Aino word 'sara,' which is the word for an animal's tail. Such a name could not be thought of for a minute.

I next tried Eunice, but it was thought best not to take that name because it sounded very like 'junin,' which means 'pain,' and to 'suffer pain.' At last I tried Rebecca. Yes, that would do very well, indeed, for in Aino the word 'Reipeka,' which sounds very like Rebecca, means 'a fitting name.' Well, I certainly thought I had got over that trouble. But lo, about five minutes before the time appointed for the service, word came in that 'Reipeka' would not quite do; could I kindly change it? I asked why, and found that her mother, who had died some six years ago, was called 'Rerura,' the first syllable of which was very like 'Rei' in 'Reipeka!'

In sheer desperation I therefore coined a name on the spot. It was 'Tom-un-mat,' and that means 'the shining female.' To my surprise, all parties were highly delighted with it, and so she was named by it.—*Gospel in All Lands.*

TRY IT.

Speak a shade more kindly
Than the year before;
Pray a little oftener,
Love a little more:
Cling a little closer
To the Father's love;
Life below shall liker grow
To the life above.

THE TWO DIMES.

'To-morrow is Valentine's day, and I s'pose you little folks will be wanting to send somebody a valentine.'

Aunt Becky was fumbling in her little old, green purse as she said this, and she fished out a dime and handed to each of the children.

'Oh, thank you!' they both exclaimed. Aunt Becky's dimes represented more real affection than some people's dollars, for she worked for every penny she had.

'Now good-by,' she said, kissing them both, and Jack and Jenny kissed back just as heartily. She had been making a week's visit there, and they had enjoyed it as they always did, for nobody else was always so ready to tell stories, mend mittens and dress dolls, as Aunt Becky.

'I'm so glad of this dime,' Jenny said on their way to school. 'I wanted to send Cousin Ada a valentine, but I spent every penny at Christmas, and haven't earned any since.'

'I'll have lots of fun out of mine, now you bet!' said Jack.

'I'm going to buy the very prettiest one I can find for ten cents,' said Jenny. 'Mrs. Brown has lots of 'em.'

She went in to Mrs. Brown's on her way home from school, but there was a crowd around the valentines just then, and while she waited, she looked in the ten-cent basket. Among its shop-worn and damaged worsted goods was a warm breakfast shawl.

'A bargain, isn't it?' said Mrs. Brown. 'It was a dollar last winter, but the mice got at it in the summer, and gnawed off the fringe, you see. The beauty is gone, but it's just as warm as ever.'

It flashed through Jenny's mind that Widow Stone needed just that shawl. Only that morning she had seen her out picking up wood with a pitiful rag of a shawl over her shoulders.

'She needs it more than Ada needs a valentine,' she said to herself, and without waiting to change her mind, she bought it and went out, not trusting herself to look at the valentines.

The next morning Widow Stone was surprised to find a bundle tied to her door-knob, marked in large letters:

Wear it, 'tis thine.
From your Valentine.

She was so pleased with the shawl that she hobbled across the road to show it to Jenny's mother.

'To think o' my havin' a valentine,' she said, 'when I'm more than seventy years old, and never had one before in all my born days!'

Jack's five valentines made him five new troubles, which he confided to Jenny next day at night.

'I sent one with 'A Greedy Pig' on it to my seat-mate, just for fun, you know, but he knew my writing, and he's mad and won't sit with me any more.

'I sent a donkey dressed like a fop to Harry Jones, he's such a dandy, and he thrashed me for it at recess, though I can't think how he knew.

'The Morse girls are awful mad about the peacock and parrot I sent them. They've found out somehow that I did it.

'And I sent the teacher an old ape with glasses on. I'm awful ashamed now I've done it, for he is real good to us. I believe I'll never send any more such valentines.'

'I wouldn't,' said Jenny.—*Youth's Companion.*

VALENTINES.

'Nanny!' said he, said he,
'Danny!' said she, said she,
'Do you know that to-morrow—
Oh grief! and oh, sorrow!
St. Valentine's Day will be, will be,
St. Valentine's Day will be?'

'Sollow!' said she, said she,
'Sorrow!' said he, said he,
'Because I can t write
A bit of a mite
Your Valentine for to be, to be,
Your Valentine for to be.'

'Danny!' said she, said she,
'Nanny!' said he, said he,
'To write there's no need,
Because I can't wend!
So let's play that the Val'ntines is we, is we,
Let's play that the Val'ntines is we;'

LAURA E. RICHARDS.

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